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COMICS

APRIL

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GENE AUTRY COMICS



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Figure 1. A series of five panels showing the effect of increasing the number of iterations.

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REFERENCES AND NOTES

商丘市第一高级中学 2019-2020 学年第一学期期中考试

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Figure 1. The effect of the number of iterations on the mean of the estimated parameters.

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GENE AUTRY

"WHEN
GUN HANDS
MEET!"

A LETTER,
WRITTEN
A MONTH AGO,
FINALLY
CATCHES UP
WITH GENE...

"IT'S FROM MY OLD BUDDY,
SAM VOYER OF THE CROSS-BAR.
HMM... SAM'S TALKING
ABOUT SOMETHING LIKE JOHN
BLOOD BATTED HANDS! IT BEARS
LITTLE RESEMBLANCE TO THE
SCALD BASTARD
HE'D CALLED THEM
WHEN YOU HEARD
FIREMAN ON
THE CROSS-BAR..."



"...MY DAUGHTER IS JESSIE ANN. SHE HAS
A FRIENDLY FACE, BUT ORIGINALLY
YOU LAST SAW HER, WENT EAST TO
REHOVE. RIGHT AUTRY, HERE I AM DICK
SO I'M ALONE IN THE BIG HOUSE DOWN
TOWN, WHEN YOU'RE HOLDIN' ME!
AND COME UNDER AN ALIAS!
YOUR OLD BOSS, SAM VOYER!"

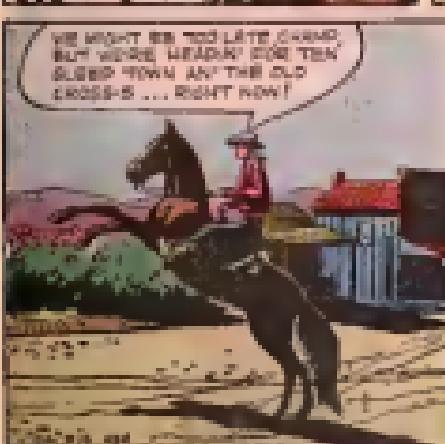
"HANDS OVER, RASH... COME UNDERR
AN ALIAS..." THAT'S OLD SAM'S WAY OF
SAVING HIS OLD FRIENDS FROM
ROBBIN' & KILLIN'. BUT IT WAS A
MONTH AGO HE MAILED THE LETTER!"



"WE MIGHT BE TOO LATE, CHAMP,
BUT WE'RE HEADING FOR TON
SLEEP TOWN AND THE OLD
CROSS-BAR... RIGHT NOW!"

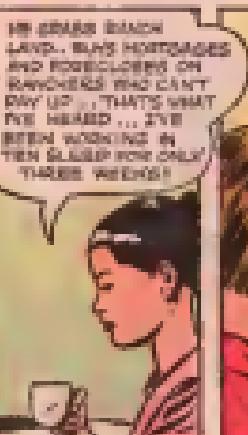
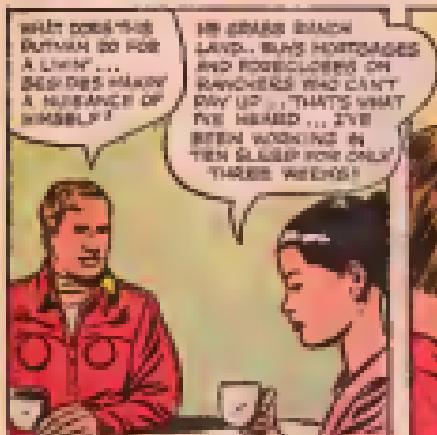
"THREE DAYS LATER..."

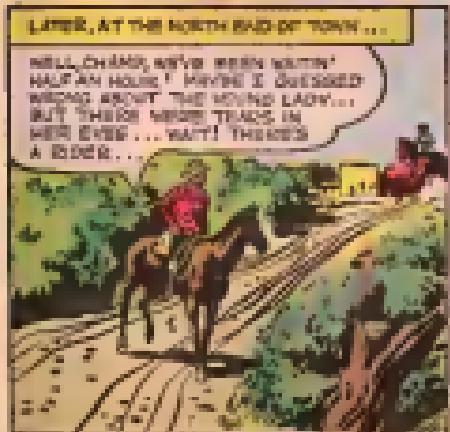
"ARRR, HERE, CHAMP... AN' I
RECKON HE'D BETTER BE
ON THE HORSE-BAR... BORN
DEAD! BUT YOU
FIREST, AN' A
GOOD RUB DOWN!"











I'VE LOST MY PONY, BUT ON THE
SAME RODEO WEDDIN' THAT YOU USED TO
RODE AROUND THE COUNTRY I RODE
MY HORSE HOME.
THAT'S WHERE
I GOT MY
NEW HORSE,
ARTIEY.



YOU TURNED ME OUT DADDIN' I
DISCUSSED THE RODEO, BUT THEN
I HADN'T CHARGED SO MUCH...
AN' THINKIN' OF YOU AS BEIN'
BACK EAST IN SCHOOL KINDA
THREW ME OFF THE TRAIL!



I GOT TWO MONTH-OLD
LETTERS FROM YOUR DAD
THREE DAYS AGO AND
CAME HERE AS FAST AS
I COULD... WANT YOU
TO SAY CLEAR AS TO
WHAT HAPPENED
TO HIM?

NOTHIN'
DIDN'T HURT!
THAT'S WHY I
WONKA'D AT THE
RESTAURANT
AS MUCH HARDY!



DAD NEVER WROTE ABOUT HIS TROUBLES...
MY FIRST MORNIN' HE CAME AS A WIRE FROM
JOHNNY MELTON, A NEIGHBOR I'VE NEVER
MET... THE TELEGRAM SAID YOUD
FATHER WASKED... DANGEROUS FOR YOU
TO COME HOME NOW... WAIT FOR LETTERS...
BUT I COULDN'T WAIT! HE TALKED TO
JOHNNY MELTON, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW
WHY SAM YODER'S DAUGHTER "MOPPY"
DIES BUT YOU, SURE!



LOOK THERE!
DEAD CATTLE!

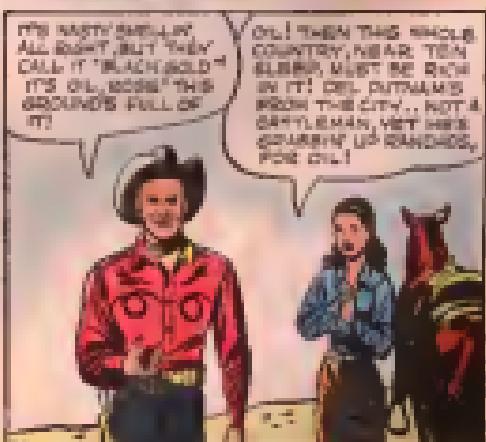
THAT'S THE THING
I WANTED TO SHOW YOU!

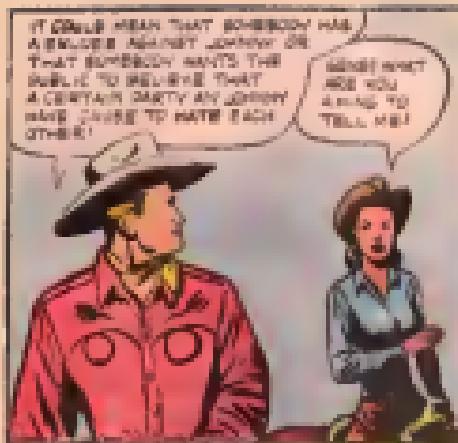


HILLED WITH GUNPOWDER
LAST NIGHT AND ALL OF
THEM WEREN'T A FEETHIGH.
ENDO! WHO BUYS THAT
IRON, BOSS?

JOHNNY MELTON!
DOES THAT
MEAN ANYTHING
TO YOU?



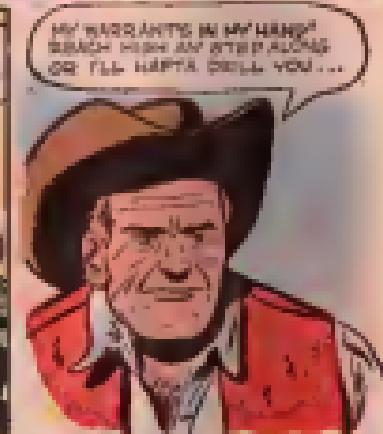












HUH MEANS IT, ABOUT
THESE HAVE TROUBLE?!

HUH, THAT'S DARNED
WELL, HAS SPILLS OF
GONE LOGO, THUR AINT
LETTIN' EM OUTA HERE!

OH, I HOPE THAT'S THE
LAST OF THEM... TONIGHT



SO DONT THIS SHOTCH IS SO BLOWN
AS A TINHORN IN SO RODEO'D;
KANT SHOT SOMEBODY THAT'S
NEVER BOUGHT NO SPILLS FOR IT!



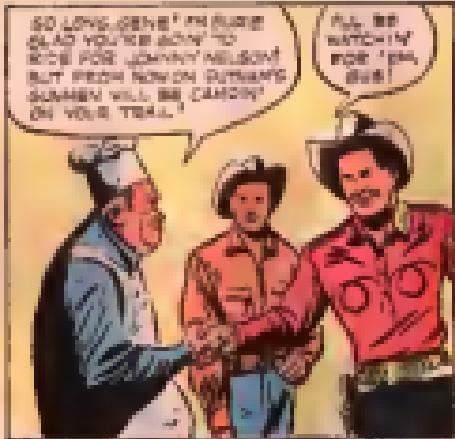
ME JUST TROUBLE BREWING,
DIDNT THEM YELL THE LAST
TWO STEAKS IN THE HOUSE?
HOW 'BOUT SOME HUM?

HOT HORNYS! HE
THROWS ALL
THE SAME!
I BROUGHT
ENOUGH TROUBLE
HERE, I TALKIN'

ME JUST WANTS
BEDROOM AND
GIVE ME A ROOM AT
THE HOTEL - PLEASE
TO HAVE MET YOU
DENTZ!

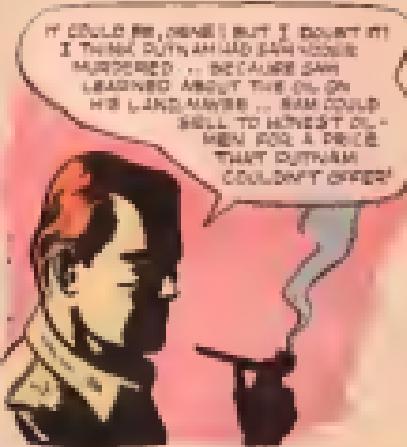
WANT A MULET! HOW
WOULD YOU LIKE A JOB
AT THE POSTHOUSE?
I'Ll GIVE YOU
DOUBLE PAY!



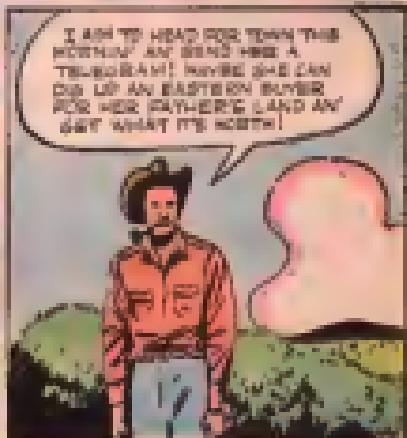


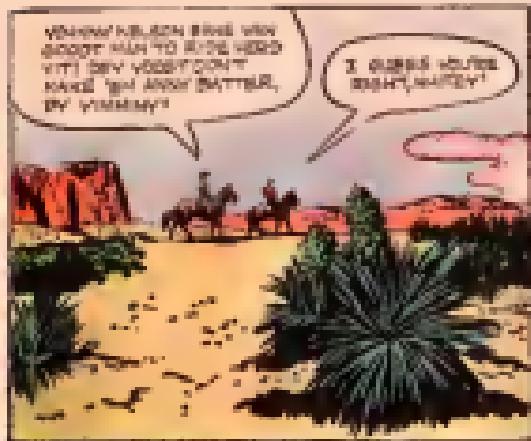


THANX JOHNNY! THAT'S ONE TURN OF SHUTEY'S NOTION. THAT SAM YODER DISAPPEARED IN ORDER TO EDITON DUTCHMAN?



Pete, Dave an Jim ... I want you to take your rifles an' watch the water holes an' salt licks on footless land. You'll have to poison 'em!







THAT AFTERNOON, WHEN I WAS BORN, I WAS OWNED BY RUTHAN.
SINCE I WAS CAPTURED INTO THE TOWN OF TETON,
I HAVE...

HELL, SINCE I WAS LONE, I'VE CAUGHT TWO ON
HOUR CONSTITUTION BOY TO SHOVE... I'LL
HAVE THE OTHERS IN JAIL SOON! SOON!



TEN GUYS SLEW TO THE DOOR HERE
FIVE, WHEN THEY BROKE A MAN
LIKE WHITNEY LARSON FIVE MONTHS AGO!
I GOT AWAY TO SEVEN, MY LIVER
SHRUNK AND CLEARED OUT!

MOM, WILL YOU
DO ME A FAVOR?



WHAT'S THIS, MISTER COOK?
ANYTHING I CAN WHAT
IS IT?

LEND ME A GUN...
AND SAY ANYTHING
TO ANYBODY!



IT HADN'T GOT DARK
YET, SO YOU TAKE
MY BEAN, LI
GULL FROM THE
RESTAURANT?

POLITELY, WHEN THEY GET
ABUSED TO IT. I'VE WORKED
ABOUT THESE COUNTRY
JOHNS, LIKE THEY DID US!



SOMEBODY'S GOTTA COME NOW! IT'S DARK
OUTSIDE, RUTHAN AND HIS PET DEPUTY
ARE AN ISSUE!
TEN GUYS
SHRUNK!



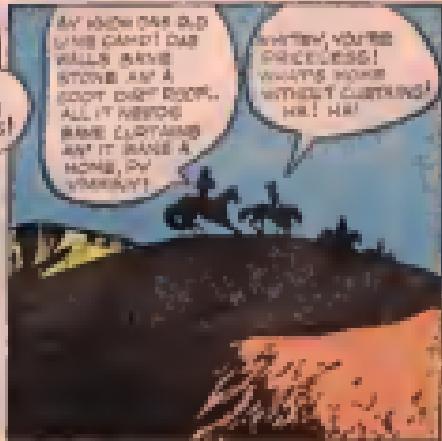
IT'S A SHAME!
YOU CAN'T FEED
PRISONERS OR
JUST SOLDIERS!

THEY WON'T BE DOWN
ANY HARD WORK TIL
THEY START TO GOOD
HARD AGAIN!

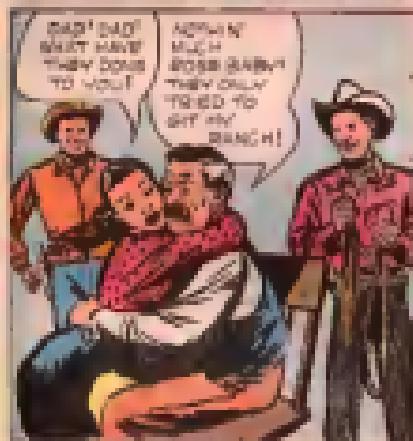
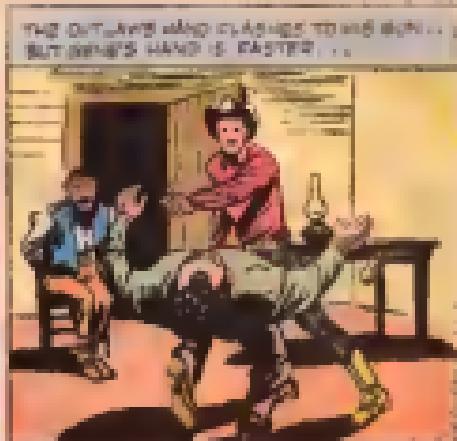












PUTNAM AND HIS MEN DISMOUNT AT THE CAMP...

YOU MEN WANT OUTSIDE
TILL I FINISH WITH WOODY!
I CAN'T WASTE ANYMORE
TIME ON THAT OLD SCOT!

WELL IF YOU DON'
HURT DEED TO
YOUR RANCH
WEY, WOODY!

THREE ONE LANE,
YOU GUNMAN TAKE
A LOOK AT IT ...

... AND THEN TAKE A SWELL OF
THIS! YOUR LITTLE OL'-GUNMAN
SCOTT IS RUSTLED UP
COMPLETELY, PUTNAM!
UNITED STATES MARSHAL
SCOTT ALREADY IS OUTDOOR
NOW. TAKE IN CARE OF
YOUR MEN!

YOU CAN'T ARREST
ME WITHOUT A
MURKIN, ALFRED!
YOU'VE GOT NO
PROOF!

ARE NOT A LETTER
YOU STOLE FROM
THE WIE MARE?
PUTNAM! AN'
OTHER EVIDENCE
ENOUGH TO PUT
YOU AWAY FOR A
LONG STRETCH!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...

THE PRISONERS ARE
ALL SAFE IN JAIL, MISTER
WOODY ... AND JAH ... I'VE
ARRANGED SOMETHING
FOR ME, WITH YOUR
PERMISSION...

GLAD TO HEAR
IT, NELSON!
MADE YOU
FOUND OUT
ON YOUR LAND,
TOOK IT LOOKS
LIKE WE'LL
KEEP IT
IN THE
FAMILY.

WOODY, WHAT'S GOING ON?
AIN'T YOU SAWN THAT
FOOL DAD WOODY YET?

CAN'T DO IT,
NATEEN! GOTTA
TAKE THE
PRISONERS IN
TO THE BIG CITY
STYLING!



Ferdie, the TENDERFOOT



"Marty, may I speak to you a minute?"

Marty Drake, top hand of the Barbed-H Ranch, peered across the shaded coolness of the tack room. Ella Newton, the boss's good-looking daughter, stood in the doorway. He dropped the rag with which he was shining the silver inlays of his best Texas saddle and hurried toward her.

"All the minutes you want," he grinned. "Gosh, you look pretty. Rock-on every cowpoke in the country'll be jealous 'o' me at the dance Saturday night. An' not just 'cause I'm gonna grab off most o' the rodeo prizes in the afternoon, either."

Ella frowned. "I wish you'd stop boasting, Marty. You'd be lots ne'er if you weren't so sure of yourself."

"I've got a right to be that way," he returned cockily. "I'm the best bronc-rider an' roper in these parts. An' I'm not half bad when it comes to bulldoggin'. Fact is, I'd be willing to bet I'm just as good as that champ from Wyomin', Cheyenne Fred. Now, what's on your mind?"

"I'm afraid I can't go to the rodeo dance with you," Ella said quietly.

Marty took a deep breath and laughed. "You're a great one for teasin', Ella."

"I mean it, Marty. I just got a telegram from my friend, Nora Abbott, in Chicago. Her brother's drivin' tomorrow to ride in the rodeo. Naturally, he'll stay here at the ranch and so . . .

"I get it!" interrupted Marty. "You'd rather go to the dance with him."

"Not at all. But, since he's our

guest, it's my duty to see that he enjoys himself and has a partner for the dance."

"Humph!" snorted Marty. "Did you say he was gonna enter the rodeo contests?"

Ella nodded. "Yes. He's a fine rider and . . ."

His guffaw stopped her. "I'll bet!" he exclaimed scornfully. "Prob'ly wears knee pants on' rides one o' those postage-stamp Eastern saddles."

"You're wrong, Marty. He . . ."

He ignored the interruption. "Well, by the time he gets through ridin' against me, he'll wish he'd stayed back in Chicago with the rest o' the greenhorn. What's his name?"

A strange smile curved Ella's lips. "Ferdinand Holsworth Abbott."

"Great guns!" Marty howled with laughter. Under cover of his merriment, Ella walked out of the room.

Marty and Chub Johnson, his special crony, planned a raucous welcome for "Ferdie, the Tenderfoot", as they nicknamed the stranger. But, when Ella's guest climbed out of the buckboard the next afternoon, they were both so dumbfounded, they forgot their plans. Ferdinand Holsworth Abbott was even more of a "dude" than they had imagined.

From the top of his soft, round hat to the tip of his polished lace boots, over which were fitted leather knee leggings, Ferdie was the perfect picture of how the well-dressed cowboy should NOT look. His shirt was pale blue silk, his neckerchief, red satin embroidered in gold. His gloves were fawn-colored with wrist-gauntlets having at least on

eight-inch flares. And his spurs were short and straight.

When the front door had closed behind Ella and Ferdie, Chub found his voice. "Jiminy Crickets, Marty! I wouldn't believe it, if I hadn't seen it!"

Marty nodded. "Me, either." A grin spread over his face. "Wait till tomorrow, Chub. That greener's gonna be the sickest dude that ever come outta the East or' swiped a cowboy's gal!"

The rodeo grounds were ablaze with color and alive with noise the next day, when Marty strolled toward the chutes where the bulldoggers were gathering for the afternoon's first event. He was grinning broadly. The big prize money was as good as his now! He had looked over the contestants and knew he could outride and outrope any and all of them. As for Ferdie, he wasn't worthing a thought on that dude.

"Hey, Marty! Whois?"

He stopped. By the time he turned, Chub was coming to a halt a few feet away and pointing a pudgy forefinger. "Look at Ferdie over by the corral!"

Marty's eyes followed the pointing finger. And his jaw dropped. The man striding along the corral fence couldn't be Ferdie! Ferdie wouldn't be wearing a regular outfit, well-worn Stetson, red bandanna, old leather chaps, high-heeled boots and silver star-roweled spur! The man waved a greeting. Marty gasped. It WAS Ferdie!

At that moment, the announcer's voice rang out, calling all entrants for the bulldogging contest. Dozedly, Marty walked toward the chutes. He couldn't understand how Ferdie had turned into a real Westerner, so suddenly. Why, the dude even walked like a cowhand!

Marty did not understand what happened that afternoon, either. In all the contests, he ran second to "Ferdie, the Tenderfoot." After the last one, he was walking, shoulders and spirits drooping, toward the corral, when he came face-to-face with Ella and Ferdie. The latter held out his hand.

"Congratulations, Drake," he said. "You put on a mighty swell show. You were real competition!"

Marty ignored the hand and the words, and glared at Ella. "You said he was a tenderfoot!"

"No, I didn't," Ella said, smiling. "I just let you think he was. I tried to tell you all about him the other day, but you were so busy blowing your own horn, you wouldn't let me talk. So I decided to teach you not to be so cocky. I persuaded Ferdie to help me by pretending to be a dude, so you would think you were going to have everything your own way. Kind of a shock, wasn't it?"

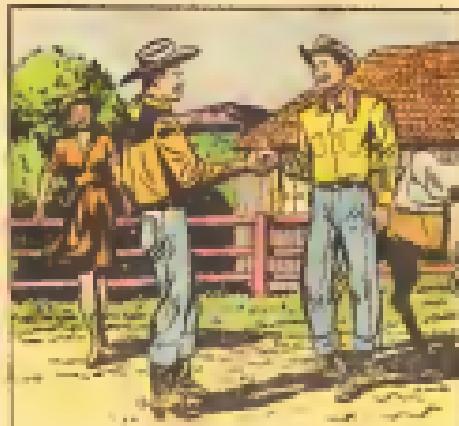
Marty gestured at Ferdie, still standing with outstretched hand. "What's his real name?"

"Ferdinand Holworthy Abbott," laughed Ella. "But most folks up in Wyoming call him 'Cheyenne Fred.'"

Marty gulped, reddened to the roots of his hair and then reached for Ferdie's hand. "Put 'er there, pardner!" he chuckled. "After this, I'll button my lip every time I feel like sayin' how good I am."

Ella linked her arm through his. "If that's a promise, Marty, I'll get Ferdie another girl for the dance—unless you object to playing 'second fiddle.'"

Marty grinned. "Haven't I been playin' 'second fiddle' all afternoon, on to 'Ferdie, the Tenderfoot', too?"

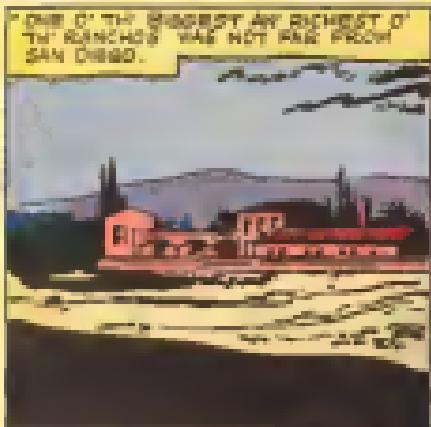


The Pearls of Loretto

EVERY YOUNG THING
GOT AN EATIN'
MAGH-MALLOW
FOR ME!

SURE HADN'
DAMNABLE
PETE! HEAPS
A FRESHLY
TOASTED DAW!







"THREE DAYS LATER THEY PULLED
IN AT THE LORETO MISSION IN
BALI CALIFORNIA."



"THE GOOD FATHER BELIEVED MIGUEL
WHEN HE CAME WITH HIM TILL
MIDNIGHT."



"WHEN THE PRIEST LEFT THE CHURCH
MIGUEL STRUCK HIM DOWN."



"HURRY AT TOO SOON, MIGUEL,
STRIKED TH' SACRED STATUE OF
THE CERULEAN."



"JUST AS HE AN' JOSE WERE DROWN'
MANY DISEASES HAD STRicken AN' SICK
WHAT HAD BEEN DONE!"



"DAY AND NIGHT, MIGUEL AN' JOSE
RODE NORTH."



"JUST AS THEY CROSSED INTO CALIFORNIA,
MIGUEL'S HORSE WENT LAME."



"MIGUEL LAUGHED AND MOUNTED
JOHN'S HORSE."



"IT WAS NEAR SUNDOWN WHEN MIGUEL
DISMOUNTED AT THE RANCHO."



"DON MIGUEL MADE TEAHS UP TO
BLUFF."



"ENDON THIS HE POURED TH'
TEA INTO HER LAP."







